

BURCHARD DIDN'T BURN THE LETTERS.

They Fell into His Wife's
Hands and Raised a
Hornet's Nest.

When Mrs. Burchard Became Ill
He Found His Affinity
in Miss Boyd.

HE KEPT LETTER-CARRIERS BUSY.

Gushing Missives, Sprinkled with Poetry
and Religion, Passed Through the Post
Office—The Wife Now Seeks
a Legal Separation.

An irreverent and cynical court officer, who was on duty in the Supreme Court, Brooklyn, yesterday, remarked: "When Cupid takes hold of some people he makes fools of them." He was alluding to the suit brought by Mrs. Hattie N. Burchard, a disciple of the Baby Bunting school of romance.

Burchard is a staid and solemn-looking man, a prominent worker in Christian Endeavor circles, and an ex-official of the Young People's Association of the Central Congregational Church. He is employed as a salesman in a New York business house. His home now is at No. 290 St. James place, where his parents reside.

Burchard married his wife in 1884, and his home life was "one grand, sweet song" until July, 1895, when he went to Asbury Park with her. In a few days Mrs. Burchard became ill and went to her mother's home on Long Island. Burchard remained at Asbury Park. Then Burchard met Miss Gertrude Boyd. She was neither youthful nor pretty. Intellect was her strong point.

MRS. BUCHARD INFORMED.

Mrs. Burchard declares that he became infatuated with the woman, so much so that he only found time to write two letters to her (his wife) while she was at Hempstead. His excessive gallantry toward Gertrude impelled a lady to write to Mrs. Burchard, telling her all about it.

Burchard, it is alleged, abandoned his wife, first giving her \$25 a month and later \$15. He was seen with his new found love in Philadelphia and Baltimore. Mrs. Burchard alleges. With the summer season over, Burchard returned to Brooklyn and Miss Boyd went to her home in Baltimore. Rivers, mountains and States divided them, but postage stamps were cheap and both yielded facile pens.

BURCHARD BEGINS TO WRITE.

One day in October, 1895, while in the meshes of business, Burchard managed to scribble a few fleeting minutes, which he used in penning soul thoughts to Gertrude. He wrote:

No. 75 Beekman street,
New York, October, 1895.

My Own True Gertrude: The emotion with which I wrote to you last spring from some mile between Mrs. Burchard and myself. . . . My darling is my thought, my love, my life, and will be forever. Say not it were better we had never met. It was our destiny, and I am too much of a dreamer to regret it. . . . I will patiently wait until I can rightfully claim you as my own true wife.

A few weeks later Miss Boyd sent Burchard a sentimental missive, sprinkled with such phrases as "my sweetheart," and "my own love." In this letter she tells her "dear Ed" that she had been talking for "paid" about him. She adds:

He said he had no objections to you, except that you were a married man. He pities you, he loves you, and he will be with you. I will not give you up entirely. . . . My precious, how much I love you. . . . I shall write, waiting for the return of my dear love's arms. . . . Trust in God.

MISS BOYD INDITES POETRY.

They Miss Gertrude invoked the muses to help her out with a fitting finish to her letter. She indited these verses:

I cannot write, I may not write,
I dare not write (cries);
But look on the face of the moon by night
And my letter thou shalt see.
In every letter I have written
By lovers in the moon is seen.

Oh every thought that your heart has thought
Since the world came as between,
The birds of the air to my heart has brought;
When thou in a dream we spoke and said,
Myself and my love were one,
But I woke and sighed on my weary bed,
For I found it was only a dream.

Subsequently Miss Boyd wrote again, this time, however, chiding Burchard for sending letters in care of a Miss O'Connell, and then going to give him the mitten. Once more she burst forth, as follows, on the delicate subject of marriage, which apparently had been discussed.

Others may think you sinful and wicked, but you own little girl that sits at the foot of the bed and true. . . . Don't forget the Christian Endeavor Convention at Washington. One more big kiss like those a fortnight ago, Sunday afternoon. . . . The wedding day shall be Friday or the nearest day after you come to me."

PAPA BOYD HEARD FROM.

Soon after this Papa Boyd concluded that Cupid and the muses had gone far enough and he sent Burchard a letter of denunciation, which fell into Mrs. Burchard's hands. It is as follows: Mrs. Burchard alleges:

Mr. Burchard: Past and present circumstances call for this note of warning. You have acted the part of a deceiver and a hypocrite and have proven yourself unworthy of the confidence I placed in you. Were I so disposed I could

bring you into trouble, but for the sake of your family and all concerned, I forbear. In that you ever again write or communicate in any way with Miss Boyd, I will so use the press that you will have to regret it. You have done wrong, and you know it at the time, and have subjected your family to public condemnation. I trust I will never have

ty would not bolt or encourage a bolt, no "Every delegate," he said, "ought to abide by the result. To do otherwise is dishonest and inconsistent with the principle of majority rule."

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He kept letter-carriers busy.

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occasion to write you another letter, and under the circumstances you may consider this a very mild one.

THE CASE IN COURT.

The question of alimony was argued before Justice Smith, in Brooklyn, yesterday. The defendant's counsel denied every allegation made by Mrs. Burchard, who, he said, had tried for years to get a separation. Counsel referred to her as a cold, indifferent woman. It was true, the couple had separated, but by mutual consent. Mr. Burchard, he said, had been threatened with dire vengeance by his wife. Once she said she would bid welcome to the day when she could no longer hear his voice.

"They got along, however," counsel said, "until these letters were discovered. They raised a hornet's nest."

"Very naturally," dryly remarked Justice Smith, who reserved his decision.

FEAR THAT HE IS DEAD.

The Strange Disappearance of Joseph Hackett Leads His Wife to Believe He Committed Suicide.

The relatives and friends of young Joseph Hackett, the son of Christopher Hackett, a dry goods merchant of Long Island City, who left his youthful bride under somewhat mysterious circumstances nearly three months ago, fear that he is no longer in the land of the living. His father says he knows nothing regarding the whereabouts of the young man since he disappeared from his boarding house on Oakland avenue, Brooklyn, five months ago, except a message from George Ferris to the effect that the disconsolate bridegroom contemplated suicide.

Young Mrs. Hackett is alarmed over the disappearance of her husband. She says he is either the victim of foul play, or is in hiding at the suggestion of his father, who was strenuously opposed to the boy's marriage, and who subsequently threatened to disown and to disinherit her.

"I think if Joe was alive," said Mrs. Hackett yesterday, "he would either come to see me or have me go to see him."

Hackett was married to Miss Grace Ferris, the seventeen-year-old daughter of Morris Ferris, a ticket seller on the Long Island Railroad ferry, on December 15. The Ferrises live at No. 295 Jackson avenue. Miss Ferris was a member of the Baptist Church, but was converted and became a Catholic at the request of Hackett a short time previous to her marriage. The young couple were married by the Rev. Father Blake, of St. Patrick's Church, Dutch Kills. They agreed to keep the marriage secret until both should become of age, but the parents of the bride learned the facts on March 10, and on the following day they inserted a marriage notice in several morning papers setting forth the date and circumstances of the marriage.

When the old Hackett learned of his son's nuptials he became enraged and ordered the young man to leave the parental roof.

Mrs. Hackett says her real troubles began when her husband and father-in-law became reconciled. Young Hackett deserted his bride to regain his father's favor, and her tearful pleadings for him to return proved futile. Thinking that the young man was a prisoner at the home of his father, Mrs. Hackett swore out a warrant against him for abandonment and non-support. He was arraigned before Justice James Ingram, pleaded not guilty and was released on his own recognizance pending the trial of the case.

When the case was called a week later, young Hackett failed to appear, and all efforts to locate him have since proved unsuccessful.

CIVIL SERVICE EXPENSES.

President Orr and Alderman Clark Have Warm Words Over a Question of Courtesy.

During yesterday's meeting of the Brooklyn Board of Estimate, the Civil Service Commission was asked to explain why it wanted an appropriation of \$25,000, or \$13,000 more than last year.

President Alexander E. Orr said the increased work of the bureau called for a large appropriation. Two new examiners were needed. Mr. Orr said, however, he was willing to strike \$1,500 from the requisition.

President Clark, of the Common Council, said he hadn't a very exalted opinion of civil service examinations. He vexed Mr. Orr by saying the commission should have a salary president, who would devote all his time to the work. "Then," he added testily, "we should not receive discourteous treatment."

Mr. Orr asked Mr. Clark if he meant to say he had been discourteously treated. "I do," the Alderman answered, "and Alderman Leitch can substantiate this."

Mr. Leitch, who was present, maintained profound silence. Mr. Orr then said: "We endeavor to treat everybody courteously. If you have any complaint, submit it to the commission."

Mr. Clark attempted to reply, but the Mayor called time in the discussion and the Board voted \$17,500 for Mr. Orr's commission.

DO NOT EXPECT A BOLT.

Chairman Bell Says Democrats Will Stand by the Chicago Convention.

Captain James D. Bell, chairman of the Democratic General Committee of Kings County, yesterday discussed the rumors regarding the prospect of a bolt of gold money advocates from the National Convention. He said he regarded a bolt as very improbable.

Delegates would go to Chicago to advocate certain policy. Captain Bell said, but he did not think any considerable body of them would leave the convention. The delegates, he believed, would bow to the will of the majority.

"When men enter a convention knowing that certain things may occur, and knowing also that certain topics will be discussed, they ought to abide by the result."

Senator P. H. McCarran said Kings County

the Hurd admitted Klein's statement to Assistant District Attorney Miles.

The second when Lawyer Robert H. Elder, the defendant's representative, charged the prosecution with the consequences of a conspiracy; and the third—well, the third was a sensation of another sort. It was the appearance on the stand of Betty Schwartz, a pretty young woman, who had an interesting story to tell.

Lawyer Elder began to fight against the admission of Klein's statement when the session began and continued it until he was beaten at every point, and the document was before the jury.

In the statement Klein said two weeks

ago he had moved into No. 74 Johnson

avenue. Adolph Hirschkopf visited him and told him he could get moved for \$2.

Two months later Hirschkopf again visited him and told him he was insured for \$800.

Two months elapsed and again Hirschkopf appeared. This time he said Klein a suit of furniture for \$15. Two weeks afterward Hirschkopf said to him, as the confession states:

"You are insured for \$800. Now you burn out. I will pay you \$700 and I will get \$100 for my trouble." I told him, "Mr. Hirschkopf, I can't do that. I can't be in trouble."

He told me, "Mr. Klein, I am sure you will be all right. You need not be afraid. The Fire Marshal is mine."

"Before the fire happened he told me I would get \$700. I signed a power for Hirschkopf for him to draw all my money from the insurance companies. He left the policy with me. On Tuesday morning Mr. Hirschkopf came up at 8 o'clock. He had with him Solomon Schusterman. He said: 'Mr. Klein, the Fire Marshal will be here right away. After that, maybe twenty minutes, a carriage came up and Mr. Zundt and another fellow. I don't know the name, came up. Mr. Zundt says: 'I want you for a few minutes. He asked me how the fire broke out. I told him what Hirschkopf told me to say. That a lamp had broken. Then we saw Fire Marshal Lewis. Zundt acted as interpreter. I had never seen Fire Marshal Lewis before. He asked me who adjusted the policy and I said Mr. Hirschkopf. Then Mr. Hirschkopf and Fire Marshal Lewis had a long talk together. Zundt and I went outside and he said that the fire was a little crooked and would I

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HE SAID, "THE FIRE MARSHAL IS MINE."

Klein Declares Hirschkopf Told Him He Need Not Be Afraid to Start a Blaze.

His Statement to the Assistant District Attorney Admitted as Evidence.

HOW HIS PLACE WAS INSURED.

Hirschkopf Said to Have Arranged the Details and Fixed the Time—Klein Declares He's the Victim of a Conspiracy.

There were three sensations in the trial yesterday in the Kings County Court in Brooklyn, of Jacob Klein, indicted jointly with Adolph Hirschkopf, who is now in the Tombs awaiting trial for murder, on a charge of arson. The first was when Jus-

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MACKENZIE WINS HIS DIVORCE SUIT.

Brooklyn Jury Believes the Evidence of Two Catskill Coachmen.

Two Letters Addressed to "My Darling Will" Put in Evidence.

GIVEN CUSTODY OF HIS CHILDREN.

Mrs. Mackenzie Testifies in Her Own Behalf and Denies Her Husband's Charges—Admits She Sat in a Hamm